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JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND HIS LATEST BIOGRAPHER.

ONE hundred years ago Josiah Wedgwood, the creator of British artistic pottery, passed away at Etruria, near Burslem, surrounded by the creations of his own well-directed genius and industry, having 'converted a rude and inconsiderable manufacture into an elegant art and an important part of national commerce.' His death took place on 3d January 1795, the same year in which Thomas Carlyle saw the light at Ecclefechan, and one year and a half before the death of Burns at Dumfries. During fifty years of his working life, largely owing to his own successful efforts, he had witnessed the output of the Staffordshire potteries increased five-fold, and his wares were known and sold over Europe and the civilised world. In the words of Mr Gladstone, his characteristic merit lay 'in the firmness and fullness with which he perceived the true law of what we may call Industrial Art, or, in other words, of the application of the higher art to Industry.' Novalis once compared the works of Goethe and Wedgwood in these words: 'Goethe is truly a practical poet. He is in his works what the Englishman is in his wares, perfectly simple, neat, fit, and durable. He has played in the German world of literature the same part that Wedgwood has played in the English world of art.'

To the already existing lives of the great potter, Dr Smiles has just added another (*Josiah Wedgwood*: London, John Murray), and having had access to certain family manuscripts and memorandum books, he has been enabled to throw additional light on the personal history of Josiah Wedgwood. We are told in the preface that Mr C. T. Gatty, at the request of the Wedgwood family, had made some progress with a biography, and being unable to proceed, handed over his materials to Dr Smiles. Long ago, in his sketch of Brindley and the early engineers, Dr Smiles had occasion to record the

important service rendered by Wedgwood in the making of the Grand Trunk Canal—towards the preliminary expense of which he subscribed one thousand pounds—and in the development of the industrial life of the Midlands. Now we have a volume devoted to Wedgwood, which should prove as important, as stimulating, and inspiring as any of the numerous volumes from the same hand. Indeed, the veteran author deserves a word or two to himself before we proceed to discuss Wedgwood, as his works are so closely identified with British industrial progress.

Since the issue of *Self-help* in 1859, more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold of that work, and it has been translated into most European languages. It is very popular in Italy; and the Italian Minister of Finance, at a *conversazione* in honour of Dr Smiles at Rome, in March 1888, said: 'I have had my children educated by reading your books.' Another Italian compliment was to the effect, 'You have done more to make Italy than ever Cavour or Garibaldi did.' The now extensive, faithful, portrait gallery of strong, enduring, persevering men began with George Stephenson, comprised the early engineers, and included sketches of Robert Dick, Thomas Edward, James Nasmyth, the latest being Josiah Wedgwood.

But to Wedgwood. More than once it has happened that the youngest of thirteen children has turned out a genius. It was so in the case of Sir Richard Arkwright, and it turned out to be so in the case of Josiah Wedgwood, the youngest of the thirteen children of Thomas Wedgwood, a Burslem potter, and of Mary Stringer, a kind-hearted but delicate, sensitive woman, the daughter of a nonconformist clergyman. The town of Burslem, in Staffordshire, where Wedgwood saw the light in 1730, was then anything but an attractive place. Drinking and cock-fighting were the common recreations; roads had scarcely any existence; the thatched hovels had dunghills before the doors, while the hollows from which the potter's clay was excavated were filled with stagnant water, and

the atmosphere of the whole place was coarse and unwholesome, and a most unlikely nursery of genius.

It is probable that the first Wedgwoods date from the hamlet of Weggewood in Staffordshire. There had been Wedgwoods in Burslem from a very early period, and this name occupies a large space in the parish registers during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while of the fifty small potters settled there, many bore this honoured name. The ware consisted of articles in common use, such as butter-pots, basins, jugs, and porringers. The black glazed and ruddy pottery then in use was much improved after an immigration of Dutchmen and Germans. The Elers, who followed the Prince of Orange, introduced the Delft ware and the salt glaze. They produced a kind of red ware, and Egyptian black; but disgusted at the discovery of their secret methods by Astbury and Twyford, they removed to Chelsea in 1710. An important improvement was made by Astbury, that of making ware white by means of burnt flint. Samuel Astbury, a son of this famous potter, married an aunt of Josiah Wedgwood. But the art was then in its infancy, not more than one hundred people being employed in this way in the district of Burslem, as compared with about ten thousand now, with an annual export of goods amounting to about two hundred thousand pounds, besides what are utilised in home-trade. John Wesley, after visiting Burslem in 1760, and twenty years later in 1781, remarked how the whole face of the country had been improved in that period. Inhabitants had flowed in, the wilderness had become a fruitful field, and the country was not more improved than the people.

All the school education young Josiah received was over in his ninth year, and it amounted to only a slight grounding in reading, writing, and arithmetic. But his practical or technical education went on continually, while he afterwards supplemented many of the deficiencies of early years by a wide course of study. After the death of his father, he began the practical business of life as a potter in his ninth year, by learning the throwing, rather an important branch of the trade. The thrower moulds the vessel out of the moist clay from the potter's wheel, into the required shape, and hands it on to be dealt with by the stouker, who adds the handle. Josiah at eleven proved a clever thrower of the black and mottled ware then in vogue, such as baking-dishes, pitchers, and milk-cans. But a severe attack of virulent smallpox almost terminated his career, and left a weakness in his right knee, which developed, so that this limb had to be amputated at a later date. He was bound apprentice to his brother Thomas in 1744, when in his fourteenth year; but this weak knee, which hampered him so much, proved a blessing in disguise, for it sent him from the thrower's place to the moulder's board, where he improved the ware, his first effort being an ornamental teapot made of the ochreous clay of the district. Other work of this period comprised plates, pickle-leaves, knife-hafits, and snuff-boxes. At the same time he made experiments in the chemistry of the

material he was using. Wedgwood's great study was that of different kinds of colouring matter for clays, but at the same time he mastered every branch of the art. That he was a well-behaved young man is evident from the fact that he was held up in the neighbourhood as a pattern for emulation.

But his brother Thomas, who moved along in the old rut, had small sympathy with all this experimenting, and thought Josiah flighty and full of fancies. After remaining for a time with his brother, at the completion of his apprenticeship Wedgwood became partner, in 1752, in a small pottery near Stoke-upon-Trent: soon after, Mr Whieldon, one of the most eminent potters of the day, joined the firm. Here Wedgwood took pains to discover new methods and striking designs, as trade was then depressed. New green earthenware was produced, as smooth as glass, for dessert service, moulded in the form of leaves; also toilet ware, snuff-boxes, and articles coloured in imitation of precious stones, which the jewellers of that time sold largely. Other articles of manufacture were blue flowered cups and saucers, and varicoloured teapots. Wedgwood, on the expiry of his partnership with Whieldon, started on his own account in his native Burslem in 1760. His capital must have been small, as the sum of twenty pounds was all he had received from his father's estate. He rented Ivy House and Works at ten pounds a year, and engaged his second-cousin, Thomas, as workman at eight shillings and sixpence a week. He gradually acquired a reputation for the taste and excellence of design of his green glazed ware, his tortoiseshell and tinted snuff-boxes, and white medallions. A specially designed tea-service, representing different fruits and vegetables, sold well, and, as might be expected, was at once widely imitated. He hired new works on the site now partly occupied by the Wedgwood Institute, and introduced various new tools and appliances. His kilns for firing his fine ware gave him the greatest trouble, and had to be often renewed. James Brindley, when puzzled in thinking out some engineering problem, used to retire to bed and work it out in his head before he got up. Sir Josiah Mason, the Birmingham pen-maker, used to simmer over in his mind on the previous night the work for the next day. Wedgwood had a similar habit, which kept him often awake during the early part of the night. Probably owing to the fortunate execution of an order through Miss Chetwynd, maid of honour to Queen Charlotte, of a complete cream service in green and gold, Wedgwood secured the patronage of royalty, and was appointed Queen's Potter in 1763. His Queen's ware became popular, and secured him much additional business.

An engine lathe which he introduced greatly forwarded his designs; and the wareroom opened in London for the exhibition of his now famous Queen's ware, Etruscan vases, and other works, drew attention to the excellence of his work. He started works besides at Chelsea, supervised by his partner Bentley, where modellers, enamellers, and artists were employed, so that the cares of his business, 'pot-making and navigating'—the latter the carrying through

of the Grand Trunk Canal—entirely filled his mind and time at this period. So busy was he, that he sometimes wondered whether he was an engineer, a landowner, or a potter. Meanwhile, a step he had no cause to regret was his marriage in 1764 to Sarah Wedgwood, a handsome lady of good education and of some fortune.

Wedgwood had begun to imitate the classic works of the Greeks found in public and private collections, and produced his unglazed black porcelain, which he named *Basaltes*, in 1766. The demand for his vases at this time was so great that he could have sold fifty or one hundred pounds' worth a day, if he had been able to produce them fast enough. He was now patronised by Royalty, by the Empress of Russia, and the nobility generally. A large service for Queen Charlotte took three years to execute, as part of the commission consisted in painting on the ware, in black enamel, about twelve hundred views of palaces, seats of the nobility, and remarkable places. A service for the Empress of Russia took eight years to complete. It consisted of nine hundred and fifty-two pieces, of which the cost was believed to have been three thousand pounds, although this scarcely paid Wedgwood's working expenses.

Prosperity elbowed Wedgwood out of his old buildings in Burslem, and led him to purchase land two miles away, on the line of the proposed Grand Trunk Canal, where his flourishing manufactories and model workmen's houses sprang up gradually, and were named *Etruria*, after the Italian home of the famous Etruscans, whose work he admired and imitated. His works were partly removed thither in 1769, and wholly in 1771. At this time he showed great public spirit, and aided in getting an Act of Parliament for better roads in the neighbourhood, and backed Brindley and Earl Gower in their Grand Trunk Canal scheme, which was destined, when completed, to cheapen and quicken the carriage of goods to Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull. The opposition was keen; and Wedgwood issued a pamphlet showing the benefits which would accrue to trade in the Midlands by the proposed waterway. When victory was secured, after the passing of the Act there was a holiday and great rejoicing in Burslem and the neighbourhood, and the first sod of the canal was cut by Wedgwood, July 26, 1766. He was also appointed treasurer of the new undertaking, which was eleven years in progress. Brindley, the greatest engineer then in England, doubtless sacrificed his life in its progress, as he died of continual harassment and diabetes at the early age of fifty-six. Wedgwood had an immense admiration for Brindley's work and character. In the prospect of spending a day with him, he said: 'As I always edify full as much in that man's company as at church, I promise myself to be much wiser the day following.' Like Carlyle, who whimsically put the builder of a bridge before the writer of a book, Wedgwood placed the man who designed the outline of a jug or the turn of a teapot far below the creator of a canal or the builder of a city.

In the career of a man of genius and original powers, the period of early struggle is often the most interesting. When prosperity comes, after difficulties have been surmounted, there is generally less to challenge attention. But Wedgwood's career was still one of continual progress up to the very close. His Queen's ware, made of the whitest clay from Devon and Dorset, was greatly in demand, and much improved. The fine earthenwares and porcelains which became the basis of such manufactures were originated here. Young men of artistic taste were employed and encouraged to supply designs, and a school of instruction for drawing, painting, and modelling was started. Artists such as Coward and Hoskins modelled the 'Sleeping Boy,' one of the finest and largest of his works. John Bacon, afterwards known as a sculptor, was one of his artists, as also James Tassie of Glasgow. Wedgwood engaged capable men wherever they could be found. For his Etruscan models he was greatly indebted to Sir W. Hamilton. Specimens of his famous portrait cameos, medallions, and plaques will be found in most of our public museums.

The general health of Wedgwood suffered so much between 1767 and 1768, that he decided to have the limb which had troubled him since his boyhood, amputated. He sat, and without wincing, witnessed the surgeons cut off his right leg, for there were then no anæsthetics. 'Mr Wedgwood has this day had his leg taken off,' wrote one of the Burslem clerks at the foot of a London invoice, 'and is as well as can be expected after such an execution.' His wife was his good angel when recovering, and acted as hands and feet and secretary to him; while his partner Bentley (formerly a Liverpool merchant) and Dr Darwin were also kind; and he was almost oppressed with the inquiries of many noble and distinguished persons during convalescence. He had to be content with a wooden leg now. 'Send me,' he wrote to his brother in London, 'by the next wagon a spare leg, which you will find, I believe, in the closet.' He lived to wear out a succession of wooden legs.

Indifference and idleness he could not tolerate, and his fine artistic sense was offended by any bit of imperfect work. In going through his works, he would lift the stick upon which he leaned and smash the offending article, saying, 'This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood.' All the while he had a keen insight into the character of his workmen, although he used to say that he had everything to teach them, even to the making of a table plate.

He was no monopolist, and the only patent he ever took out was for the discovery of the lost art of burning in colours, as in the Etruscan vases. 'Let us make all the good, fine, and new things we can,' he said to Bentley once; 'and so far from being afraid of other people getting our patterns, we should glory in it, and throw out all the hints we can, and, if possible, have all the artists in Europe working after our models.' By this means he hoped to secure the good-will of his best customers and of the public. At the same time he never sacrificed excellence to cheapness. As the sale

of painted Etruscan ware declined, his Jasper porcelain—so called from its resemblance to the stone of that name—became popular. The secret of its manufacture was kept for many years. It was composed of flint, potter's clay, carbonate of barytes, and *Terra ponderosa*. This and the Jasper-dip are in several tones and hues of blue; also yellow, lilac, and green. He called in the good genius of Flaxman in 1775; and for the following twelve years, the afterwards famous sculptor did an immense amount of work and enhanced his own and his patron's reputation. Flaxman did some of his finest work in this Jasper porcelain. Some of Flaxman's designs Wedgwood could scarcely be prevailed upon to part with. A bas-relief of the 'Apotheosis of Homer' went for seven hundred and thirty-five pounds at the sale of his partner Bentley; and the 'Sacrifice to Hymen,' a tablet in blue and white Jasper (1787), brought four hundred and fifteen pounds. The first-named is now in the collection of Lord Tweedmouth. Wedgwood's copy of the Barberini or Portland vase was a great triumph of his art. This vase, which had contained the ashes of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus and his mother, was of dark-blue glass, with white enamel figures. It now stands in the medal room of the British Museum alongside a model by Wedgwood. The vase itself once changed hands for eighteen hundred guineas, and a copy fetched two hundred and fifteen guineas in 1892.

Josiah Wedgwood now stood at the head of the potters of Staffordshire, and the manufactory at Etruria drew visitors from all parts of Europe. The motto of its founder was still 'Forward,' and, as Dr Smiles expresses it, there was with him no finality in the development of his profession. He studied chemistry, botany, drawing, designing, and conchology. His inquiring mind wanted to get to the bottom of everything. He journeyed to Cornwall, and was successful in getting kaolin for china-ware. Queen Charlotte patronised a new pearl-white tea-ware; and he succeeded in perfecting the pestle and mortar for the apothecary. He invented a pyrometer for measuring temperatures; and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society. Amongst his intimate friends were Dr Erasmus Darwin, poet and physician (the famous Charles Robert Darwin was a grandson, his mother having been a daughter of Wedgwood's), Boulton of Soho Works, James Watt, Thomas Clarkson, Sir Joseph Banks, and Thomas Day.

We have an example of the benevolence of Wedgwood's disposition in his treatment of John Leslie, afterwards Professor Sir John Leslie of Edinburgh University. He was so well pleased with his tutoring of his sons, that he settled an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds upon him; and it may be that the influence of this able tutor led Thomas Wedgwood to take up the study of heliotype, and become a pioneer of photographic science, even before Daguerre. How industrious Wedgwood had been in his profession is evident from the seven thousand specimens of clay from all parts of the world which he had tested and analysed. The six entirely new pieces of earthenware and porcelain which, along with his Queen's ware,

he had introduced early in his career, as painted and embellished, became the foundation of nearly all the fine earthenware and porcelains since produced. He had his reward, for, besides a flourishing business, he left more than half a million of money.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.*

By ANTHONY HOPE, Author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

CHAPTER III.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE PRINCE OF MANTIVOGLIA.

I KNOW of naught by which a man may better be judged than by his bearing in matters of love. What know I of love, say you—I, whose head is gray, and shaven to boot? True, it is gray, and it is shaven. But once it was brown, and the tonsure came not there till I had lived thirty years and borne arms for twelve. Then came death to one I loved, and the tonsure to me. Therefore, oh ye proud young men and laughing girls, old Anselm knows of love, though his knowledge be only like the memory that a man has of a glorious red-gold sunset which his eyes saw a year ago: cold are the tints, gone the richness, sober and faint the picture. Yet it is something; he sees no more, but he has seen; and sometimes still I seem to see a face that I saw last, smiling in death. They tell me such thoughts are not fitting in me, but I doubt their doing a man much harm; for they make him take joy when others reap the happiness that he, forestalled by fate's sickle, could not garner. But enough! It is of Count Antonio I would write, and not of my poor self. And the story may be worth the writing—or would be, had I more skill to pen it.

Now in the spring of the second year of Count Antonio's banishment, when the fierce anger of Duke Valentine was yet hot for the presumption shown by the Count in the matter of Duke Paul's death, a messenger came privily to where the band lay hidden in the hills, bringing greeting to Antonio from the Prince of Mantivoglia, between whom and the Duke there was great enmity. For in days gone by Firmola had paid tribute to Mantivoglia, and this burden had been broken off only some thirty years; and the Prince, learning that Antonio was at variance with Duke Valentine, perceived an opportunity, and sent to Antonio, praying him very courteously to visit Mantivoglia and be his guest. Antonio, who knew the Prince well, sent him thanks, and, having made dispositions for the safety of his company and set Tommasino in charge of it, himself rode with the man they called Bena, and, having crossed the frontier, came on the second day to Mantivoglia. Here he was received with great state, and all in the city were eager

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to see him, having heard how he had dealt with Duke Paul, and how he now renounced the authority of Valentine. And the Prince lodged him in his Palace, and prepared a banquet for him, and set him on the right hand of the Princess, who was a very fair lady, learned, and of excellent wit; indeed, I have by me certain stories which she composed, and would read on summer evenings in the garden; and it may be that, if I live, I will make known certain of them. Others there are that only the discreet should read; for what to one age is but mirth, turns in the mind of the next to unseemliness and ribaldry. This Princess, then, was very gracious to the Count, and spared no effort to give him pleasure; and she asked him very many things concerning the lady Lucia, saying at last, 'Is she fairer than I, my lord?' But Antonio answered, with a laugh, 'The moon is not fairer than the sun, nor the sun than the moon: yet they are different.' And the Princess laughed also, saying merrily, 'Well parried, my lord!' And she rose and went with the Prince and Antonio into the garden. Then the Prince opened to Antonio what was in his mind, saying, 'Take what command you will in my service, and come with me against Firmola; and when we have brought Valentine to his knees, I will take what was my father's, and should be mine: and you shall wring from him your pardon and the hand of your lady.' And the Princess also entreated him. But Antonio answered, 'I cannot do it. If Your Highness rides to Firmola, it is likely enough that I also may ride thither; but I shall ride to put my sword at the service of the Duke. For, although he is not my friend, yet his enemies are mine.' And from this they could not turn him. Then the Prince praised him, saying, 'I love you more for denying me, Antonio; and when I send word of my coming to Valentine, I will tell him also of what you have done. And if we meet by the walls of Firmola, we will fight like men; and, after that, you shall come again to Mantivoglia;' and he drank wine with Antonio, and so bade him God-speed. And the Princess, when her husband was gone, looked at the Count and said, 'Valentine will not give her to you. Why will not you take her?'

But Antonio answered: 'The price is too high.'

'I would not have a man who thought any price too high,' cried the Princess.

'Then your Highness would mate with a rogue?' asked Count Antonio, smiling.

'If he were one for my sake only,' said she, fixing her eyes on his face and sighing lightly, as ladies sigh when they would tell something, and yet not too much nor in words that can be repeated. But Antonio kissed her hand, and took leave of her; and with another sigh she watched him go.

But when the middle of the next month came, the Prince of Mantivoglia gathered an army of three thousand men, of whom seventeen hundred were mounted, and crossed the frontier, directing his march towards Firmola by way of the base of Mount Agnino and the road to

the village of Rilano. The Duke hearing of his approach, mustered his Guards to the number of eight hundred and fifty men; and armed besides hard upon two thousand of the townsmen and apprentices, taking an oath of them that they would serve him loyally; for he feared and distrusted them; and of the whole force, eleven hundred had horses. But Count Antonio lay still in the mountains, and did not offer to come to the Duke's aid.

'Will you not pray his leave to come and fight for him?' asked Tommasino.

'He will love to beat the Prince without my aid, if he can,' said Antonio. 'Heaven forbid that I should seem to snatch at glory, and make a chance for myself from his necessity.'

So he abode two days where he was; and then there came a shepherd, who said, 'My lord, the Duke has marched out of the city and lay last night at Rilano, and is to-day stretched across the road that leads from the spurs of Agnino to Rilano, his right wing resting on the river. There he waits the approach of the Prince; and they say that at daybreak to-morrow the Prince will attack.'

Then Antonio rose, saying, 'What of the night?'

Now the night was very dark, and the fog hung like a gray cloak over the plain. And Antonio collected all his men to the number of threescore and five, all well armed and well horsed; and he bade them march very silently and with great caution, and led them down into the plain. And all the night they rode softly, husbanding their strength and sparing their horses; and an hour before the break of day they passed through the outskirts of Rilano and halted a mile beyond the village, seeing the fires of the Duke's bivouacs stretched across the road in front of them; and beyond there were other fires where the Prince of Mantivoglia lay encamped. And Bena said, 'The Prince will be too strong for the Duke, my lord.'

'If he be, we also shall fight to-morrow, Bena,' answered Antonio.

'I trust, then, that they prove at least well matched,' said Bena; for he loved to fight, and yet was ashamed to wish that the Duke should be defeated.

Then Count Antonio took counsel with Tommasino; and they led the band very secretly across the rear of the Duke's camp till they came to the river. There was a mill on the river, and by the mill a great covered barn where the sacks of corn stood; and Antonio, having roused the miller, told him that he came to aid the Duke, and not to fight against him, and posted his men in this great barn; so that they were behind the right wing of the Duke's army, and were hidden from sight. Day was dawning now: the camp-fires paled in the growing light, and the sounds of preparation were heard from the camp. And from the Prince's quarters also came the noise of trumpets calling the men to arms.

At four in the morning the battle was joined, Antonio standing with Tommasino and watching it from the mill. Now Duke Valentine had placed his own Guards on either wing and the townsmen in the centre; but the Prince had

posted the flower of his troops in the centre; and he rode there himself, surrounded by many lords and gentlemen; and with great valour and impetuosity he flung himself against the townsmen, recking little of how he fared on either wing. This careless haste did not pass unnoticed by the Duke, who was a cool man and wore a good head; and he said to Lorenzo, one of his lords who was with him, 'If we win on right and left, it will not hurt us to lose in the middle;' and he would not strengthen the townsmen against the Prince, but rather drew off more of them, and chiefly the stoutest and best mounted, whom he divided between the right wing, where he himself commanded, and the left, which Lorenzo led. Nay, men declare that he was not ill-pleased to see the brunt of the strife and the heaviest loss fall on the apprentices and townsmen. For a while indeed these stood bravely; but the Prince's chivalry came at them in fierce pride and gallant scorn, and bore them down with the weight of armour and horses, the Prince himself leading on a white charger, and with his own hand slaying Glinka, who was head of the city-bands and a great champion among them. But Duke Valentine and Lorenzo upheld the battle on the wings, and pressed back the enemy there; and the Duke would not send aid to the townsmen in the centre, saying, 'I shall be ready for the Prince as soon as the Prince is ready for me, and I can spare some of those turbulent apprentices.' And he smiled his crafty smile, adding, 'From enemies also a wise man may suck good;' and he pressed forward on the right, fighting more fiercely than was his custom. But when Antonio beheld the townsmen hard pressed and being ridden down by the Prince of Mantivoglia's knights, and saw that the Duke would not aid them, he grew very hot and angry, and said to Tommasino, 'These men have loved my house, Tommasino. It may be that I spoil His Highness's plan, but are we to stand here while they perish?'

'A fig for His Highness's plan!' said Tommasino; and Bena gave a cry of joy and leaped, unbidden, on his horse.

'Since you are up, Bena,' said the Count, 'stay up, and let the others mount. The Duke's plan, if I read it aright, is craftier than I love, and I do not choose to understand it.'

Then, when the townsmen's line was giving way before the Prince, and the apprentices, conceiving themselves to be shamefully deserted, were more of a mind to run away than to fight any more, suddenly Antonio rode forth from the mill. He and his company came at full gallop; but he himself was ten yards ahead of Bena and Tommasino, for all that they raced after him. And he cried aloud, 'To me, men of Firmola, to me, Antonio of Monte Velluto!' and they beheld him with utter astonishment and great joy. For his helmet was fallen from his head, and his fair hair gleamed in the sun, and the light of battle played on his face. And the band followed him, and, though they had for the most part no armour, yet such was the fury of their rush, and such the mettle and strength of their horses, that they made light of meeting the Prince's

knights in full tilt. And the townsmen cried, 'It is the Count! To death after the Count!' And Antonio raised the great sword that he carried, and rode at the Marshal of the Prince's Palace, who was in the van of the fight, and he split helmet and head with a blow. Then he came to where the Prince himself was, and the great sword was raised again, and the Prince rode to meet him, saying, 'If I do not die now, I shall not die to-day.' But when Antonio saw the Prince, he brought his sword to his side and bowed and turned aside, and engaged the most skilful of the Mantivoglian knights. And he fought that day like a man mad; but he would not strike the Prince of Mantivoglia. And after a while the Prince ceased to seek him; and a flatterer said to the Prince, 'He is bold against us, but he fears you, my lord.' But the Prince said, 'Peace, fool. Go and fight.' For he knew that not fear, but friendship, forbade Antonio to assail him.

Yet by now the rout of the townsmen was stayed, and they were holding their own again in good heart and courage; while both on the right and on the left the Duke pressed on and held the advantage. Then the Prince of Mantivoglia perceived that he was in a dangerous plight, for he was in peril of being worsted along his whole line; for his knights did no more than hold a doubtful balance against the townsmen and Antonio's company, while the Duke and Lorenzo were victorious on either wing; and he knew that if the Duke got in rear of him and lay between him and Mount Agnino, he would be sore put to it to find a means of retreat. Therefore he left the centre and rode to the left of his line and himself faced Duke Valentine. Yet slowly was he driven back, and he gave way sullenly, obstinately, and in good order, himself performing many gallant deeds, and seeking to come to a conflict with the Duke. But the Duke, seeing that the day was likely to be his, would not meet him, and chose to expose his person to no more danger: 'For,' he said, 'a soldier who is killed is a good soldier; but a chief who is killed save for some great object is a bad chief.' And he bided his time, and slowly pressed the Prince back, seeking rather to win the battle than the praise of bravery. But when Count Antonio saw that all went well, and that the enemy were in retreat, he halted his band; and at this they murmured, Bena daring to say, 'My lord, we have had dinner, and may we not have supper also?' Antonio smiled at Bena, but would not listen.

'No,' said he. 'His Highness has won the victory by his skill and cunning. I did but move to save my friends. It is enough. Shall I seek to rob him of his glory? For the ignorant folk, counting the arm more honourable than the head, will give me more glory than him if I continue in the fight.' And thus, not being willing to force his aid on a man who hated to receive it, he drew off his band. Awhile he waited; but when he saw that the Prince was surely beaten, and that the Duke held victory in his hand, he gave the word that they should return by the way they had come.

'Indeed,' said Tommasino, laughing, 'it may

be wisdom as well as good manners, cousin. For I would not trust myself to Valentine if he be victorious, for all the service which we have done him in saving the apprentices he loves so well.'

So Antonio's band turned and rode off from the field, and they passed through Rilano. But they found the village desolate; for report had come from the field that the Duke's line was broken, and that in a short space the Prince of Mantivoglia would advance in triumph, and, having sacked Rilano, would go against Firmola, where there were but a few old men and boys left to guard the walls against him. And one peasant, whom they found hiding in the wood by the road, said there was panic in the city, and that many were escaping from it before the enemy should appear.

'It is months since I saw Firmola,' said Antonio with a smile. 'Let us ride there and reassure these timid folk. For my lord the Duke has surely by now won the victory, and he will pursue the Prince till he yields peace and abandons the tribute.'

Now a great excitement rose in the band at these words; for although they had lost ten men in the battle and five more were disabled, yet they were fifty stout and ready; and it was not likely that there was any force in Firmola that could oppose them. And Martolo, who rode with Tommasino, whispered to him, 'My lord, my lord, shall we carry off the Lady Lucia before His Highness can return?'

Tommasino glanced at Antonio. 'Nay, I know not what my cousin purposes,' said he.

Then Antonio bade Bena and Martolo ride on ahead, taking the best horses, and tell the people at Firmola that victory was with the Duke, and that His Highness's servant, Antonio of Monte Velluto, was at hand to protect the city till His Highness should return in triumph. And the two, going ahead while the rest of the band took their mid-day meal, met many ladies and certain rich merchants and old men escaping from the city, and turned them back, saying that all was well; and the ladies would fain have gone on and met Antonio; but the merchants, hearing that he was there, made haste to get within the walls again, fearing that he would levy a toll on them for the poor, as his custom was. At this Bena laughed mightily, and drew rein, saying, 'These rabbits will run quicker back to their burrow than we could ride, Martolo. Let us rest awhile under a tree; I have a flask of wine in my saddle-bag.' So they rested; and while they rested, they saw what amazed them; for a lady rode alone towards them on a palfrey, and though the merchants met her and spoke with her, yet she rode on. And when she came to the tree where Bena and Martolo were, they sprang up and bared their heads; for she was the Lady Lucia; and her face was full of fear and eagerness as she said, 'No guard is kept to-day, even on helpless ladies. Is it true that my lord is near?'

'Yes, he is near,' said Bena, kissing her hand. 'See, there is the dust of his company on the road.'

'Go, one of you, and say that I wait for him,' she commanded; so Martolo rode on to

carry the news farther, and Bena went to Antonio and said, 'Heaven, my lord, sends fortune. The Lady Lucia has escaped from the city, and awaits you under yonder tree.'

And when Tommasino heard this, he put out his hand suddenly and caught Antonio's hand and pressed it, saying, 'Go alone, and bring her here: we will wait: the Duke will not be here for many hours yet.'

Then Antonio rode alone to the tree where Lucia was; and because he had not seen her for many months, he leaped down from his horse and came running to her, and, kneeling, kissed her hand; but she, who stood now by her palfrey's side, flung her arms about his neck and fell with tears and laughter into his arms, saying, 'Antonio, Antonio! Heaven is with us, Antonio.'

'Yes,' said he. 'For His Highness has won the day.'

'Have not we won the day also?' said she, reaching up and laying her hands on his shoulders.

'Heart of my heart,' said he softly, as he looked in her eyes.

'The cage is opened, and, Antonio, the bird is free,' she whispered, and her eyes danced and her cheek went red. 'Lift me to my saddle, Antonio.'

The Count obeyed her, and himself mounted; and she said, 'We can reach the frontier in three hours, and there—there, Antonio, none fears the Duke's wrath.' And Antonio knew what she would say, save that she would not speak it bluntly—that there they could find a priest to marry them. And his face was pale as he smiled at her. Then he laid his hand on her bridle and turned her palfrey's head towards Firmola. Her eyes darted a swift question at him, and she cried low, 'Thither, Antonio?'

Then he answered her, bending still his look on her, 'Alas, I am no learned man, nor a doctor skilled in matters of casuistry and nice distinctions. I can but do what the blood that is in me tells me a gentleman should do. To-day, sweetheart—ah, will you not hide your face from me, sweetheart, that my words may not die in my mouth?—to-day our lord the Duke fights against the enemies of our city, holding for us in hard battle the liberty that we have won, and bearing the banner of Firmola high to heaven in victory.'

She listened with strained frightened face; and the horses moved at a walk towards Firmola. And she laid her hand on his arm, saying again, 'Antonio!'

'And I have fought with my lord to-day, and I would be at his side now, except that I do his pleasure better by leaving him to triumph alone. But my hand has been with him to-day, and my heart is with him to-day. Tell me, sweetheart, if I rode forth to war and left you alone, would you do aught against me till I returned?'

She did not answer.

'A Prince's city,' said he, 'should be like his faithful wife; and when he goes against the enemy, none at home should raise a hand against him; above all, may not one who has fought by his side. For to stand side by side

in battle is a promise and a compact between man and man, even as though man swore to man on a holy relic.'

Then she understood what he would say, and she looked away from him across the plain; and a tear rolled down her cheek as she said, 'Indeed, my lord, the error lies in my thoughts; for I fancied that your love was mine.'

Antonio leaned from his saddle and lightly touched her hair. 'Was that indeed your fancy?' said he. 'And I prove it untrue?'

'You carry me back to my prison,' she said. 'And you will ride away.'

'And so I love you not?' he asked.

'No, you love me not,' said she; and her voice caught in a sob.

'See,' said he; 'we draw near to Firmola; and the city gates are open; and, look, they raise a flag on the Duke's palace; and there is joy for the victory that Martolo has told them of. And in all the Duchy there are but two black hearts that burn with treacherous thoughts against His Highness, setting their own infinite joy above the honour and faith they owe him.'

'Nay, but are there two?' she asked, turning her face from him.

'In truth I would love to think there was but one,' said he. 'And that one beats in me, sweetheart, and so mightily, that I think it will burst the walls of my body, and I shall die.'

'Yet we ride to Firmola,' said she.

'Yet, by Christ's grace,' said Count Antonio, 'we ride to Firmola.'

Then the Lady Lucia suddenly dropped her bridle on the neck of her palfrey and caught Antonio's right hand in her two hands and said to him, 'When I pray to-night, I will pray for the cleansing of the black heart, Antonio. And I will make a wreath and carry it to the Duke and kiss his hand for his victory. And I will set lights in my window and flags on my house; and I will give my people a feast; and I will sing and laugh for the triumph of the city and for the freedom this day has won for us: and when I have done all this, what may I do then, Antonio?'

'I am so cruel,' said he, 'that then I would have you weep a little: yet spoil not the loveliest eyes in all the world; for if you dim them, it may be that they will not shine like stars across the plain, and even into the hut where I live among the hills.'

'Do they shine bright, Antonio?'

'As the gems on the gates of heaven,' he answered; and he reined in his horse and gave her bridle into her hands. And then for many minutes neither spoke; and Count Antonio kissed her lips, and she his; and they promised with the eyes what they needed not to promise with the tongue. And the Lady Lucia went alone on her way to Firmola. But the Count sat still like a statue of marble on his horse, and watched her as she rode. And there he stayed till the gates of the city received her and the walls hid her from his sight; and the old men on the walls saw him and knew him, and asked, 'Does he come against us? But it was against the Prince of Mantivoglia that we swore to fight.' And they watched him till

he turned and rode at a foot's pace away from the city. And now as he rode his brow was smooth and calm, and there was a smile on his lips.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF BRITISH GUIANA.

MUCH has been written of late regarding new gold discoveries, and general interest has been taken therein from the fact that gold is now probably the only raw product which has not suffered from the great decline in value brought about during the last decade. For there is an ever increasing demand for it as a standard of value, while its time-honoured partner, silver, has suffered a severe decline in common with all else, in consequence of excess of production over requirements. To such a pitch has this come, that in silver-using countries the utmost difficulty is produced by the continually diminishing value of their monetary standard. It has become a great problem for our statesmen how to cope with this difficulty in British India and elsewhere. The true solution will probably only be arrived at when the world's supply of gold will enable those countries to reduce silver to the position it occupies in England, that of a token currency only, all payments over a certain amount to be made in gold. This opens an immense market for fresh gold supplies, and just as the need of them is beginning to be most seriously felt, we hear of fresh discoveries which promise to enable us to fill up the gap in the course of time, and restore equilibrium to the distracted finances of countries which depend on silver alone for their money.

One portion of our empire has not yet had the attention directed to it that it deserves as a gold-producing country, though the presence of the precious metal there has been a tradition extending to the Elizabethan time. It was then that the well-known expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh set forth to what is now the colony of British Guiana to seek for the source of the supply of the stored-up gold found by the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, both of which are silver-producing countries. Indian tradition pointed to the Guianas as being the territory whence it had been gathered, being midway between those two empires; and the colonists of the nineteenth century have proved that Indian tradition was right, and that British Guiana is the home of treasures which may perhaps be destined to eclipse those of other gold-producing countries, and this at no distant date. It is a truly remarkable thing that its capabilities have so long remained hidden. The Dutch, who first colonised the country, seem not to have searched for gold. The English, when they became possessors, found sugar estates formed on the low lands along the coast, which for a long series of years produced riches almost

equal to those of gold mines; and with these they were so satisfied as not to wish to penetrate into the interior. An economic change has, however, overtaken the cane-sugar-producing world, which is now in dire straits from the competition of the bounty-fed beet-sugars of the Continent of Europe. This wave has been felt in its full intensity in British Guiana, and, as is usual, necessity has brought about efforts in other directions, which in the present instance has led to most fruitful results. In 1884 a few men went into the forests of the interior, the result of their efforts being an export of two hundred and fifty ounces of gold. More followed their example, with the following results, which are the Government returns of actual exports of gold to England year by year:

Exports in Ounces.	Value in Dollars.
1884.....	250 4,894
1885.....	939 15,596
1886.....	6,518 112,042
1887.....	11,906 213,252
1888.....	14,570 266,718
1889.....	28,282 524,323
1890.....	62,615 1,124,759
1891.....	101,298 1,801,389
1892.....	129,615 2,303,162
1893.....	142,788 2,542,995

It will be seen that the industry has a record of ten completed years during which gold has been produced and shipped to England, worth, in round numbers, one million eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, which record is far beyond that of South Africa, where seventeen years elapsed before the fields there produced gold to the value of two hundred thousand pounds.

Strange to say, there is as yet only one instance of English capital employed in the gold industry of British Guiana, and this of quite recent date. The colonists have gone into the business themselves, as is stated, to the full extent of their resources, the foregoing figures showing what has been done. Hitherto, there has been no desire shown to make the capabilities of the colony known in England; in fact, deterrent influences appear to have been brought into operation, reports of unhealthy climate being one of the principal. Facts are, however, too strong for anything of this kind in the long run. The interior has been penetrated by Englishmen straight out from home, who are enjoying magnificent health in the hilly gold region, away from the swamps of the coast. The difficulties of the rivers have been much exaggerated: while some are impeded by rapids, others form unparalleled water-ways through the dense forest into the interior; but all of them are utilised to carry supplies into the 'gold bush,' there being at present no other means of access thereto. The rivers, in fact, are a main item of the enormous natural advantages for gold-mining possessed by the colony.

The Government has recently recognised the

immense importance of this most promising industry, and a Commission is to sit having for view its encouragement and extension. A subsidy has been granted for the construction of an important link of railway to connect the Demerara and Essequibo rivers, which will avoid the rapids of the latter river, and give easy access to the country along its upper reaches. The Demerara River is receiving much attention just now. Goods are delivered at the mine-landings on that river from London at a cost of three pounds per ton. Water-carriage in other gold countries does not exist; and land-carriage in those places, according to statistics, varies from £25 to £165 per ton. This is an enormous initial advantage in favour of British Guiana. The supply of pure water in the gold regions is in excess of all requirements, in some instances affording water-power for driving the stamp-batteries, sawing timber, and furnishing electric light. All the timber required for mining is growing on the spot, and is of the best quality for the purpose, this being another potential advantage, saving the cost and carriage of same.

Government statistics show that in other countries a yield of three to four dwts. of gold per ton pays, working with steam-power, and one and a half to two dwts. is satisfactory where water-power is used. The Victorian average yield is given as ten dwts. eleven grains to the ton, the South African as twelve dwts. to the ton. Messrs Johnson, Matthey, & Co., the assayers to the Bank of England, have recently made an assay of British Guiana quartz, which gave sixty-two dwts. to the ton, and picked samples have been produced showing hundreds of ounces to the ton. These figures tell their own tale, and will make themselves felt in the financial world. The Americans are beginning to pay attention to the nascent industry, and there can be no doubt Englishmen will not be behind-hand on their own territory and under their own flag. A considerable portion of the colony is already accessible, and as the means of communication are improved, more and more will become so, to keep pace with requirements. There is abundant room for expansion, the opportunities existing being such as are not to be found elsewhere. A favourable feature of the colony is its proximity to England, fourteen days sufficing for the passage, with mail communication twice a month, and telegrams arriving every day. The length of the passage could easily be shortened to ten days, this matter being already under discussion. So little is known of the colony of British Guiana in England, that it has been lately described as an island, instead of which it is an important part of the Continent of South America, the only portion of that Continent owned by us, possessing huge rivers, immense forests, and the most favourable conjunction of natural features for the prosecution of gold-mining the world has ever seen in one place. There is nothing in the way of an immediate and immense development. Once the favourable conditions existent there are known, the other is the natural consequence. In the West Indies, British Guiana is familiarly known as the Magnificent Province. This, in truth, it is, as it teems with tropical riches, and pos-

asses gold in apparently limitless quantities, the precious product which has above all been the object of mankind's eager quest from times immemorial.

THE GOVERNESS AT GREENBUSH.

A STORY.

By E. W. HORNUNG.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE coach was before its time. As the Manager of Greenbush drove into the township street, the heavy, leather-hung, vermilion vehicle was the first object to meet his eyes. It was drawn up as usual in front of 'The Stockman's Rest,' and its five horses were even yet slinking round to the yards, their traces trailing through the sand. The passengers had swarmed on the hotel veranda; but the Manager looked in vain for the flutter of a woman's skirt. What he took for one, from afar, resolved itself at shorter range into the horizontal moleskins of a 'stockman' who was 'resting,' amid the passengers' feet, like a living sign of the house. The squatter cocked a bushy eyebrow, but whistled softly in his beard next moment. He had seen the Governess. She was not with the other passengers, nor had she already entered the hotel. She was shouldering her parasol, and otherwise holding herself like a little grenadier, alone but unabashed, in the very centre of the broad bush street.

The buggy wheels made a sharp deep curve in the sand, the whip descended—the pair broke into a canter—the brake went down—and the man of fifty was shaking hands with the woman of twenty-five. They had met in Melbourne the week before, when Miss Winfrey had made an enviable impression and secured a coveted post. But Mr Pickering had half forgotten her appearance in the interim, and taking another look at her now, he was quite charmed with his own judgment. The firm mouth and the deep, decided chin were even firmer and more decided in the full glare of the Riverina sun than in the half-lights of the Melbourne hotel; and the expression of the grave gray eyes, which he had not forgotten, was, if possible, something franker and more downright than before. The face was not exactly pretty, but it had strength and tenderness. And strength especially was what was wanted in the station schoolroom.

'But what in the world, Miss Winfrey, are you doing here?' cried Mr Pickering, after a rather closer scrutiny than was perhaps altogether polite. 'I'm very sorry to be late, but why ever didn't you wait in the hotel?'

'There is a man dead-drunk on the veranda,' returned the new Governess, without mincing her words, and with a little flash in each steadfast eye.

'Well, but he wouldn't have hurt you!'

'He would have hurt me more than I can say, Mr Pickering. To me, such sights are the saddest in all the world. And I have seen

more of them on my way up here than ever in my life before.'

'Come, come, don't tell me it's worse than the old country,' said the squatter, laughing, 'or we shall fight all the way back! Now, will you jump up and come with me while I get your luggage; or shall we meet at the post-office over yonder on the other side?'

The girl looked round, following the direction of the pointed whip. 'Yes, at the post-office, I think,' said she; and then she smiled. 'It may seem an affectation, Mr Pickering, but I'd really rather not go near the hotel again.'

'Well, well, perhaps you're right! I'll be with you in five minutes, Miss Winfrey.'

He flicked his horses, and in those five minutes the new Governess made a friend for life of poor Miss Crisp, the little old post-mistress. It was an unconscious conquest; indeed, she was thinking more of her new employer than of anything she was saying; but this Miss Winfrey had a way of endearing herself to persons who liked being taken seriously, which arose, perhaps, from her habit of taking herself very seriously indeed. Nevertheless, she was thinking of the squatter. He was a little rough, though less so, she thought, in his flannel shirt and wide-awake, than in the high collar and frock-coat which he had worn at their previous interview in Melbourne. On the whole she liked him well enough to wish to bring him to her way of looking at so terrible a spectacle as a drunken man. And it so happened that she had hardly taken her seat beside him in the buggy when he returned of his own accord to the subject which was uppermost in her mind. 'It was one of my own men, Miss Winfrey!'

'The man on the veranda?'

'Yes. They call him "Cattle-station Bill." He looks after what we call the Cattle Station—an out-station of ours where there are nothing but sheep, by the way—on the other side of the township. He has a pretty lonely life over there, so it's only natural he should knock down his cheque now and again.'

The Governess looked puzzled. 'What does it mean—knocking down his cheque?'

'Mean? Well, we pay everything by cheque up here, d'ye see? So, when a man's put in his six months' work, say, he generally rolls up his swag and walks in for his cheque. Twenty-six pounds, it would be, for six months, less a few shillings, we'll say, for tobacco. And most of 'em take their cheque to the nearest grog shanty and drink it up in three or four days.'

'And then?' said the girl, with a shudder.

'Then they come back to work for another six months.'

'And you take them back?'

'Of course I do, when they're good men like Cattle-station Bill! It's nothing. He'll go straight back to his hut at the end of the week. That's an understood thing. Then in another six months he'll want another cheque. And so on, year in, year out.'

Miss Winfrey made no remark. But she turned her head and looked back. And the recumbent moleskins were still a white daub on the hotel veranda, for it was hereabouts that

Mr Pickering had mistaken them for the young woman's skirt. She watched them out of sight, and then she sighed. 'It's terrible!' she said.

'You'll get used to it.'

'Never! It's awful! One ought to do something. You must let me see what I can do. The poor men! The poor men!'

Mr Pickering was greatly amused. He never meddled with his men. Their morals were not his concern. In the matter of their cheques his sense of responsibility ended with his signature. The cheques might come back endorsed by a publican, who, he knew, must have practically stolen them from his men's pockets. But he never meddled with that publican. It was none of his business. But to find a little bit of a Governess half inclined to make it *her* business was a most original experience, and it was to the rough man's credit that he was able to treat the matter in a spirit of pure good-humour. 'I rather think our brats will take you all your time,' said he, laughing heartily. 'Still, I'll let you know next time Bill comes in for a cheque, and you shall talk to him like a mother. He's a jolly good-looking young fellow, I may tell you that!'

Miss Winfrey was about to answer, quite seriously, that she would be only too glad of an opportunity of speaking to the poor man; but the last remark made the rest, from her point of view, unanswerable. Moreover, it happened to hurt, and for a reason that need be no secret. Her own romance was over. She had no desire for another. That one had left her a rather solemn young woman, with, however, a perfectly sincere desire to do some good in the world—to undo some of the evil.

The squatter repeated this conversation to his wife, who had not, however, his own good-nature. 'I don't see what business it was of Miss Winfrey's,' remarked Mrs Pickering, who had not been with her husband when he selected the Governess. 'It was quite a presumption on her part to enter into such a discussion, and I should have let her know it had I been there. But I am afraid she is inclined to presume, James. Those remarks of hers about poetry were hardly the thing for her first meal at our table. And she corrected me when I spoke about Lewis William Morris; she said they were two separate men!'

'She probably knew what she was talking about. I didn't go and engage a fool, my dear!'

'It was a piece of impudence,' said Mrs Pickering hotly; 'and after what you have told me now, James, I must say I do not feel too favourably impressed with the new Governess.'

'Then I'm very sorry I told you anything,' retorted the husband with equal warmth. 'The girl's all right; but you always were ready to take a prejudice against anybody. Just you wait a bit! That girl's a character. You mark my words: she'll make your youngsters mind her as they've never minded anybody in all their lives!'

The lady sighed; she had poor health, and an irritable, weak nature; and her 'youngsters' had certainly never 'minded' their mother.

She took her husband's advice, and waited. And such was the order that presently obtained among her band of little rebels, and so great and novel the relief and rest which crept into her own daily life, that for many weeks—in fact, until the novelty wore off—Miss Winfrey could do no wrong, and the children's mother had not words good enough for their new Governess.

The children themselves were somewhat slower to embrace this optimistic view. They came to it at last, but only by the steep and stony path of personal defeat and humiliation. Miss Winfrey had the wit to avoid the one irretrievable mistake on the part of all such as would govern as well as teach. She never tried for an immediate popularity with her pupils, which she felt would be purchased at the price of all future influence and power. On the contrary, she was content to be hated for weeks and feared for months; but with the fear there gradually grew up a love which was the stronger for the company of the more austere emotion. Now, love is the teacher's final triumph. And little Miss Winfrey won hers in the face of sufficiently formidable odds.

It was a case of four to one. Three of the four were young men, however, with whom the young woman who is worth her salt well knows how to deal. These young men were employed upon the station, and they had petted and spoilt the children pretty persistently hitherto. It had been their favourite relaxation after the day's work in the saddle or at the drafting yards. But Miss Winfrey took to playing their accompaniments as they had never been played before, and very soon it was tacitly agreed among them that the good-will of the Governess was a better thing than the adoration of her class. So the three gave very little trouble after all; but the fourth made ample amends for their politeness; and the fourth knew better how to fight a woman, for she was one herself.

Millicent Pickering was the children's half-sister, and the only child of her father's first marriage. She was a fallow, weedy, and yet attractive-looking girl of nineteen, with some very palpable faults, which, however, were entirely redeemed by the saving merit of a superlatively good temper. But she loved a joke, and her idea of one was quite different from that of Miss Winfrey, who, to be sure, was not a little deficient in this very respect. Millicent found her sense of humour best satisfied by the enormities of her little brothers and sisters. She rallied them openly upon the punishments inflicted by the new Governess; she was in notorious and demoralising sympathy with the young offenders. Out of school she encouraged them in every sort of wickedness; and, for an obvious reason, was ever the first to lead them into temptations which now ended in disgrace. She was, of course, herself the greatest child of them all; and at last Miss Winfrey told her so in as many words. She would have spoken earlier, but that she feared to jeopardise her influence by risking a defeat. But when the great girl took to interrupting the very lesson with her overgrown buffooneries, in the visible vicinity of the open schoolroom

door, the time was come to beat or be beaten once and for all.

'Come in, Miss Pickering,' said the Governess suavely, though her heart was throbbing. 'I think I should have the opportunity of laughing too.'

The girl strode in, and the laughter rose louder than before. But, however excruciatingly funny her antics might have been outside, they were not continued within.

'Well?' said Miss Winfrey at length.

'Well?' retorted Millicent, with mere sauce.

'You great baby!' cried the Governess, with a flush and a flash that came like lightning. 'You deserve to have your hair taken down, and be put back into short dresses and a pinafore!'

'And sent to you?'

'And sent to me.'

'Very well; I'll come this afternoon.'

And she did. When school began again, at three o'clock, Millicent led the way, with her hair down and her dress up, and in her hands the largest slate she could find; and on her face a kind of determined docility, exquisitely humorous to the expectant young eyes behind the desks. But Millicent had reckoned without her brains, and that in more senses than one. She was an exceedingly backward young person; she had never been properly taught, and no one knew this better than the little Governess. First in one simple subject, then in another, the young woman's ignorance was mercilessly exposed; first by one child, then by another, she was corrected and enlightened on some elementary point; and, finally, when they all stood up and took places, Miss Millicent sank to the bottom of the class in five minutes. The absurd figure that she cut there, however, with the next child hardly higher than her knee, quite failed to appeal to her usually ready sense of humour; seeing which, Miss Winfrey incontinently dismissed the class; but Millicent remained behind.

'I give you best,' said she, holding out a large hand with a rather laboured smile. 'Let's be friends.'

'I have always wanted to,' said the victor, with a suspicious catch in her voice; and next moment she burst into a flood of tears, which cemented that friendship once and for good.

Millicent had long needed such a friend; but this new influence was a better thing for her than any one ever knew. She happened to be fond of somebody who was very fond of her; and having one of those impulsive natures which fly from one extreme to the other, she told Miss Winfrey that very night all about it. And Miss Winfrey advised. And on the next monthly visitation of a certain rabbit inspector to Greenbush Station the light-hearted Millicent succeeded in reconciling her sporting spirit to what she termed the 'dry-hash' of a serious engagement.

But not for long. As the more solemn side of the matter came home to her, the light heart grew heavy with vague alarms, and so bitterly did the young girl resent her entirely natural apprehensions, that cause and effect became confounded in her soul, now calling, as she thought, for its surrendered freedom. Her de-

pression was terrible, and yet more terrible her disappointment in herself. She could not be in love; or, if she were, then love was not what it was painted by all the poets whose works the sympathetic Miss Winfrey now put into her hands. Thus the first month passed. Then the man came again, and in his presence her doubt lay low in her heart. But when he was gone it rose up blacker than before, and the girl went half mad with keeping it to herself. It was only the agony of an ignorant young egoism in the twilight state of the engaged, looking backward with regret for yesterday's freedom, instead of forward faithfully to a larger life. But this never struck her until she brought her broodings to her friend Miss Winfrey, when one flesh could endure them no longer.

Miss Winfrey was surprised. She had not suspected so much soul in such a setting. She was also sorry, for she liked the man. He had kind eyes and simple ways, and yet some unmistakable signs of the sort of strength which appealed to the Governess and would be good for Milly. And lastly, Miss Winfrey was strangely touched; for here was her own case over again.

The girl said that she could never marry him—that there was no love in her for any man—that she must break off the engagement instantly and for all time. The Governess had said the same thing at her age, and had repented it ever since. She turned down the lamp, for it was late at night in the school-room, and she told the girl her own story. This had more weight than a hundred arguments. Half-way through, Millicent took Miss Winfrey's hand and held it to the end. At the very end she kissed the Governess and made her a promise.

'Thank you, dear,' said the Governess, kissing her. 'That was all I wanted you to say. Only try for a time to think less of yourself and more of him! Then all will be well; and you may forget my contemptible little story. You're the first to whom I've ever told it as it really was.'

'And you never saw him again?'

'Not from that day to this.'

'But you may, dear Miss Winfrey. You may!'

'It isn't likely,' said the Governess, turning up the lamp. 'I came out here to—to forget. He is a full-blown doctor by now, and no doubt happily married.'

'Never!' cried Millicent.

'Long ago,' replied Miss Winfrey quietly.

'The worse they take it at the time the sooner they marry. That is—men; and you can't alter them.'

'I don't believe it's every man,' said the young girl stoutly. 'I don't even believe it's—your boy!'

Miss Winfrey bent her head to hide her eyes. 'Sometimes,' she whispered, 'I don't believe so either.'

'And if—you met—and all was right?'

The Governess got to her feet. Her face was lifted, and the tears transfigured it. It was white and shining like the angel-faces in a child's prayer. And her lips trembled with the trembling words: 'I should ask him to

forgive me for the wrong I did him. I would humiliate myself as I humiliated him. Yes! He should even know that I had cared—all along!

BIRD-LIFE IN AN INLAND PARISH OF SOUTHERN SCOTLAND.

THERE can be no more pleasant pastime for those who live in the country than to pay attention in their daily walks to the comings and goings of the various feathered sojourners which, from choice or necessity, spend a portion of the year in their neighbourhood. From the earliest ages, man has noted these, and adored the Wisdom which teaches the stork to know her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow to observe the time of their coming. Roving, restless creatures as birds are by nature, they yet in their migrations follow a constant ebb and flow. Their movements are determined by a law as binding as that which regulates the seasons. Glaring violations of it seem occasionally to take place in the appearance of certain untimely or belated sojourners, as redwing or woodcock tarrying into summer, or swallows being noticed in December and January; yet, according to the whim of the observer, these intrepid spirits may be regarded as rebels, scouts, or explorers that have temporarily broken away from the main body. During winter there is not much activity in these 'fitting' movements. Ere it comes, most birds have taken up their residence in localities where there is a likelihood of sufficient food-supplies being obtained. But with the spring, those which have found a home in this country during winter return to their native haunts to nest; while those which at the close of summer left our upland districts for more genial parts nearer the sea, along with others which went far south, begin to arrive and gladden with their songs the lengthening day. Thus, as one season's visitors, whether those of summer or of winter, depart, another appears. Rejoicing as they do in light and warmth, birds follow the sun. Those reaching our coasts in spring come from southern lands, where they have found a welcome retreat from a climate too severe for their tender frames; while, on the other hand, those which pass the winter with us are seeking here the food and shelter denied them in the inhospitable lands of northern ice and snow.

To every part of the country these tiny tourists wend their way, so that even this cold upland parish, though it cannot boast the wealth of bird-life that frequents the coast-line or the more favoured climate of England, can still show a respectable variety. Comparatively few, however, remain all the year round. Throughout summer and winter, blackcock and grouse may be raised on the moorlands, pheasants and partridges on the dales; the rook and the jackdaw never desert their ancestral trees; in the woods, the soft cooing of the cushat—peacefullest sound in nature—may be heard; by the coppice, the sparrow-hawk may be seen darting after his quarry; over the hillside the kestrel hovers on the wing; the eerie screech of the heron, the mournful hoot of the owl, the

startled quack of the wild-duck, break the silence of the night. Of the smaller birds, only the snipe, blackbird, thrush, chaffinch, house-sparrow, redbreast and wren, with perhaps at intervals a solitary kingfisher, are home-staying. During winter, the number of our birds is small. But with the first clear days of early spring, when the plough is turning over the soil and the storm-cock is singing his loudest and best, there return, in sadly attenuated bands, the gulls, curlews, peewits, water-hens, plovers, starlings, larks, pipits, linnets, blackcaps and yellow-hammers, which have taken refuge elsewhere from the frosts and snows. In a few weeks the wheatear greets us from the wall, the stonechat from the furze, and by the brooks the wagtail, sandpiper, and redshank are found. When spring has fairly come and the leaves are bursting in the hedgerows, the cuckoo gladdens the ear with his song, the swallow and swift the eye with their skimming flight. Last of all spring's visitors come the fly-catcher, the cornercrake, and the redstart.

What a busy time is it now with these denizens of the open! What a happy band of minstrels are they all, as from early dawn to dark they make the welkin echo with their tuneful notes! Into these weeks of spring and early summer how much courtship, matrimony, house-building, house-keeping and family-rearing are crowded—love, pathos, tragedy—human life in miniature!

And now that they are with us in their gayest and best, what a plain, hodden-gray lot are our upland birds; not one among them with bright outstanding colours, unless it be that stray magpie, vainly seeking refuge from the keeper's trap or gun; not one gaudy fellow with plumage a milliner would covet!

As the day begins to shorten, our silvan choir tends to break up. The cuckoo is gone before her egg is hatched in the pipit's nest. By the end of August the swallows are in flocks, ready to depart when the first September frosts have chilled the air. One by one disappear the redstarts, wagtails, wheatears, stonechats, and warblers, until by the middle of October there are few migratory birds remaining. Then, as the robin has the concert all to himself, save for the croak of the carrion crow echoing from the young pine-woods as he gloats over a wounded hare, comes another flock of visitors. Chief among these are the redwing and the fieldfare.

An unwelcome guest is the latter—a large Norwegian thrush—for he is the harbinger of winter. Up till within a few days ago the air was soft and mild for October; then came an easterly wind, chilling and damp; and yesterday morning, when flakes of snow were falling, perched on the beeches in the lawn was a company of these immigrants, chattering complacently, as if congratulating one another upon the bad weather they had brought with them. Common as he is in winter, how few are able to recognise the fieldfare (*Turdus pilaris*)! Being first-cousin to the missel-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*), he is often mistaken for his kinsman; indeed, his name—corrupted by the country-boy into 'feltifare'—is generally given to the missel-thrush. But who, that has once

observed our hardy Norseman, can ever mistake him again? Shy and suspicious in his habits, and not caring to be scanned at too close quarters, he is seldom met with but in flocks. Though he lacks the bold carriage of the missel-thrush and the chattering confidence of the song-thrush, his colour, as becomes a visitor, is more striking than their homely garb. The name blue-felt describes him well, as the chestnut-coloured back and the bluish gray of the wings and tail are made conspicuous by flight.

After the fieldfare, the titmouse appears. He was with us in spring and summer; but with the autumn he retired, though he cannot have been far away—probably only enjoying a little-needed change after the drudgery of rearing two large querulous families. The wonder is how so many nestlings can be stowed away in a chink of the garden wall. The lady titmouse must in the bird-world be 'the old woman who lived in a shoe.' What a forward, poking fellow is this bird-mite! Be the day ever so cold, there is the little ball of feathers, now on the ground, now on the tree-top, now hanging head downwards from an ivy leaf, now clinging to the wall, searching every cranny and corner for grub and chrysalis.

In swamp and morass the woodcock will await signs of winter's departure—or it may be the sportsman's gun. Unlike the fieldfare, he is silent, moody, and solitary; as if aware that he is 'wanted,' he does his utmost to elude the sight of man. Rarely is he seen till on the wing he is darting over the willows. If you know his haunts and approach them cautiously, you may be fortunate enough to spy him crouching close on the herbage. A dull brown mass like a clod of earth catches your eye; draw nearer, and in an instant you start, as he bursts into flight.

Down by the river, too, visitors have arrived since last you fished its waters. The sandpipers, plovers, and waterhens are gone, and in their stead the lively dipper has for companions various kinds of duck, geese, and may be a stray swan. In due time these will depart, and spring will bring its own sojourners once more; and so the constant departure and succession are kept up year by year with a regularity that never fails; and the woodlands and the fields, the bogs and the streams, are never without their guests.

UNPLEASANT REMINISCENCES OF COREA.

THE war now being waged between the Chinese and Japanese in reference to the Korean Peninsula recalls to my mind an unexpected and unwelcome visit paid by me to that coast, just when Japan was entering on that course of development that has made her a great military and naval power of modern type. It was early in September (I was then serving as apprentice on a barque named the *Star of the East*) that we left Shanghai in ballast trim with a general cargo for Passiette (or Possiet) in the Maritime Province of Siberia, between the Korean frontier and the great Russian naval station of Vladivostok. Nothing of any note occurred during the first few days; but about a fortnight after

we had set sail, we made Cape Bougarel, on the Korean coast, distant about nine miles. It was night-time, and the captain decided to stand off the land until daylight, under close-reefed topsails, the weather being thick and dirty, with violent squalls at intervals. At four A.M. breakers were seen ahead, but no land was visible; so efforts were then made to wear the ship; but failing, she soon ran ashore, when heavy seas commenced to break over her fore and aft.

When it became daylight, we found that we were stranded on a sandy beach in Gashkevitch Bay, and that the natives had assembled in great numbers on the shore. They at first appeared to be favourably disposed towards us, making signs of welcome and inviting us to land. This was just then found to be impossible on account of the heavy seas which continued to break over the vessel; but we were enabled later to launch one of our boats, which was then hauled through the surf by the natives with the aid of lines; and by this means our captain and some of the crew went ashore, and were apparently received in a most friendly manner by the Koreans, who offered them every assistance, as well as provisions and water. During that day the wind increased to a gale, which caused the vessel to bump heavily, and the seas to break violently over her. It was then found necessary to cut away the masts, to prevent her falling over on her beam ends. After this was done, a tent was rigged up on the shore and furnished with provisions. Two days later the weather began to moderate, and the sea abated; but by this time the ship had so far buried herself in the sand, that any attempt to float her would have been useless.

Finding this, the captain ordered the boats to be fitted out ready for any emergency; and at eight A.M. I was sent ashore for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, fresh meat, and shooting some of the wildfowl with which the place abounded. After an absence of about two hours I was returning well laden with spoil, when I was seized by some natives, who took me to a village a little out of my course to the ship. On reaching there I was surrounded by the inhabitants, whose attitude was very threatening. They, however, after holding a consultation, allowed me to proceed on board; and after taking away all I had shot, hustled me down to the beach, whence I proceeded to the vessel alone, with mingled feelings of disgust at my mission having thus failed, but with thankfulness at having escaped with my life.

Shortly after I had returned to the vessel, some Korean officials came on board. They were accompanied by about seven hundred men, whom we soon found to be armed with swords and short-barrelled, old-fashioned flint-lock muskets, which they attempted to conceal under their clothing. The chief was dressed in a gorgeous robe of blue silk, and wore a hat made of black horse-hair, which resembled wire-gauze, and similar in shape to the well-known Welsh steeple-crowned hat. In addition, he was bedecked with sundry amber necklaces and beads. As he sat in state with his legs crossed on the cabin table, his demeanour seemed extremely harsh, and he began, with the aid of an interpreter who accompanied him, and who under-

stood the Russian language, to inquire roughly whether we were of English, French, or American nationality, for each of which he showed unmistakable signs of disregard and contempt. As we were fortunate enough to have a passenger on board who could speak Russian, communication was rendered comparatively easy. Noting, however, with what feelings of hatred the Koreans spoke of other nations, it was deemed prudent to pass off the ship and crew as Russian, it being less likely that the natives or officials would dare to perpetrate any outrage which might provoke the hostility of that power, as we were distant only thirty miles overland from a considerable Russian settlement, Passiette, the place to which we were bound.

When addressing the Mandarin, or even when conversing with each other, we were compelled to bow our heads in token of submission; and after the officials had held a consultation together, the Mandarin peremptorily ordered us to leave the coast. Although the whole of the ship's cargo might easily have been saved, he refused to allow a single package to be landed on the beach; and also, under pains and penalties, warned us from approaching the land above high-water mark. Provisions and even water were denied us; and a request to be allowed to travel by land to Passiette, only elicited the freezing reply that any such attempt would be instantly punished by death. Neither were we permitted to remain on the coast until such time as assistance could reach us from that place.

The next day the wind again increased; but later, fearing to delay our departure, we succeeded in hauling the gig through the surf; and having provisioned her, three of the crew, accompanied by the passenger previously referred to, who was owner of the ship's cargo, left for Passiette, which place we afterwards found they had reached in safety.

The following day another visit was paid to the vessel by the Korean officials, who were again accompanied by several hundred men, armed as before. Their manner was rough and insolent, and their attitude, as well as that of the natives on the beach—who by this time had become very excited—was most menacing, and boded ill for our safety.

After the passenger, who was our only interpreter, had left, we were unable to converse with the Koreans except by signs; but we had no difficulty in gathering from this mode of communication that we should only be allowed another day in which to leave the coast—two having already elapsed—and that if we failed to make good use of the time thus left to us, we should all be beheaded.

During the night which followed this important but discomfiting interview, the natives continued to collect in groups along the beach, and beacon fires were lighted and rockets sent up at intervals from various points.

By this time our position had become more and more perilous, and demonstrations of hostility being much more marked, our captain decided, rather than trust our lives any longer in the hands of such an unfriendly tribe, to make the best of his way to Passiette at day-break in the two remaining boats, accompanied

by myself and the remainder of the crew. As soon, however, as the natives saw we were making preparations for departure, they immediately changed their demeanour, and offered us every assistance in launching our boats and getting them ready for a start. The weather was fortunately fine; but having only two boats, we were compelled, for want of space, to leave behind nearly all our effects.

On the second day after our departure we reached Passiette about noon; but although we had been subjected to such dangers and privations, and were worn out with fatigue, some Russian soldiers who came down to the beach would not allow us to land, stating as their reason that they must first obtain the permission of their commanding officer, who was then enjoying his siesta. About four P.M., when all of us, being more or less wet through, were like to perish from the cold weather then prevailing, the Russian officer quietly sauntered down, and after satisfying himself as to the cause of our appearance on the coast, decided to allow us to land. We were escorted to the soldiers' quarters, and housed in a rough shed, with permission to sleep on the floor between the soldiers' beds, there being no other building in which to accommodate us.

A few days after our arrival, a party went down from Passiette—dressed in Russian uniform and fully armed—to visit the wreck, and found everything had been taken out of her or destroyed. An attempt had also been made to burn the ship; but it being of iron, this had proved a failure. We were afterwards given to understand by the Russians that we were fortunate in being stranded so near the Siberian frontier; otherwise, they said, we should probably have shared the fate of those on board the *Hamila Mitchell*, a vessel which had some little time previously been wrecked about fifteen miles farther south, when all the crew were massacred.

The region in which our adventure befell is, it need hardly be mentioned, a part of the Korean coast which the Russians are believed to have long had their eye upon as a desirable addition to the Amur and Maritime Provinces. They are supposed especially to covet Port Lazareff as being an excellent harbour in yet more temperate waters than Vladivostok, where an otherwise admirable harbour is frozen from three to four months every year.

SOME FAMOUS BLASTS.

THE part played by explosives in the industrial and commercial developments of the present day is so extensive that, save under circumstances of especial magnitude, public attention fails to be interested in one of the most remarkable achievements of the many triumphs which have marked the nineteenth century.

The history of famous blasts has been contemporaneous with that of blasting agents themselves; and it is interesting to note, in reviewing blasting operations of exceptional size, how newer explosives and later inventions gradually displace earlier types and less scientific methods. The chronicle of the celebrated explosions which

attracted public attention is, in fact, the record of the discovery of blasting agents.

The earlier blasts were made with gunpowder, the only explosive then known; and the removal of the Rounddown Cliff at Dover was accomplished in 1843 by nine and a quarter tons of gunpowder, disposed in three separate charges, and fired simultaneously by a voltaic battery. Small as the blast may appear at the present day, it attracted considerable attention half a century ago, and was viewed as an engineering achievement.

In the construction of Holyhead harbour some heavy gunpowder blasts were made, one of the most extensive consisting of six tons of gunpowder, divided into several charges, and exploded simultaneously by a platinum wire, heated by a Grove battery, dislodging no less than 40,000 tons of rock.

In the Scotch granite industry, gunpowder has been employed for monster blasts in recent times, the action of this explosive being found less shattering for material which is to be used for building purposes than that of more modern and more powerful explosives. In July 1886, at the Furnace Quarry, between Crarae and Inveraray, four tons of gunpowder were fired by electricity, dislodging 100,000 tons of granite, which was estimated to supply material for dressing which would employ the workmen for two years. 'When the explosion of the powder was effected,' writes an eye-witness, 'the whole face of the mountain side began to move, and the report, which was terrific, loudly reverberated amongst the neighbouring hills.'

Blasts have their pathetic and tragic side even in industrial undertakings; and the fatal effects of a monster blast at the neighbouring quarry of Crarae, when several visitors who had been attracted by the novel spectacle ventured to approach too near to the scene of the explosion before the after-damp had dispersed, and being overpowered by the deadly fumes, succumbed to suffocation, will long be remembered in the annals of the Scottish quarrying trade.

Since dynamite was invented in 1867 by Nobel, many large blasts have been accomplished by its agency; amongst others may be mentioned the explosion of five and a half tons in 1885 in a stone quarry near San Francisco, displacing 35,000 tons of rock. The largest blasts, however, were the famous ones undertaken to clear the entrance of the East River, New York, known to the old Dutch settlers as the Hurl Gate, and to modern times as the Hell Gate, of the rocks which formed a perilous menace to navigation. A glance at the map of New York abundantly illustrates the dangerous character of these rocks. As long ago as 1848, Congress was urged to remove the Pot Rock, Frying Pan, and Ways Reef; and four years later 18,000 dollars were expended on the first-named obstruction, some two feet of additional water being obtained by the use of gunpowder.

In 1869 the Diamond Rock was attacked, and during that and the four subsequent years, this rock and the Coenties Reef and Frying Pan rock were steadily removed. Hallett's Point was dealt with in 1869 by General Newton; and on September 24, 1876, 47,781 pounds of dynamite, stored in galleries nearly a mile and

a half long, excavated in the huge rock, were exploded by Mary Newton, a child of three, the blast being clearly heard sixteen miles off.

So successful was this monster blast, that the famed and dreaded Flood Rock in mid-channel was immediately taken in hand, and no less than nine acres of rock were eventually honeycombed and charged with 75,000 pounds of dynamite, and 240,000 pounds of rackarock, which was successfully fired on October 10, 1885, constituting the biggest blast on record. An on-looker describes the scene as one of intense excitement, culminating in a rumble of muffled and distant thunder, whilst the water above the reef rose a hundred feet in the air, white and glistening in the brilliant sunlight, then changing to a brown and green hue, and finally, to black at its base. The shock lasted forty seconds, a brief interval for the accomplishment of the climax of so many years of laborious mining and tunnelling.

The situation was too dramatic not to be improved upon, and much sensational and over-coloured writing appeared at the time; whilst New York society fully enjoyed its joke at the expense of a learned New Brunswick seismologist who had devised special apparatus to minutely record the vibration of the coming monster blast. The instrument was, says a weekly contemporary in relating the story, 'of extreme delicacy, and recorded the vibrations beautifully at one minute after eleven (the appointed time), although the actual explosion occurred at 11.14, thus beating the record, and antedating the occurrence by thirteen minutes.' A curious commentary on the fallibility both of scientists and scientific instruments!

SAILING AWAY.

SAILING away with the wind abeam,
And the wide, wide sea before!
Sailing away in a lover's dream
To the port of the golden shore;
Idle hands on the rudder bands,
Hope in the sunrise fair,
And hearts as light as the sea-bird white
Afloat in the morning air.

Love! in the dawn of that far-off time,
Did you guess of the weary way?
Dearest! when life seemed a summer rhyme,
Could we tell where we went astray?
Silent tears through the coming years,
Darkness for you and me,
And doubt and dread of the wilds ahead
Fell chill as we sailed a-sea.

Sailing ashore with a waning wind
On the glass of a dreaming tide,
Leaving the dark of the deep behind
For the light of the other side:
Loosen hands from the rudder bands!
Ah! to the margin foam
Comes breath of land o'er the golden sand,
Oh! sweet is our welcome home!

WM. WOODWARD.

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